

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P.148-C]

243
291
142
516



251
516
291
142
342
415

ABOVE: Stacking rice
straw after harvest.
RIGHT: Grinding glu-
tinous rice for holi-
day cakes.



1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
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[P.148-D]



ABOVE: "Good-luck lady" leads typical Hsin Hsing bride to sedan chair. LEFT: Son of successful Hsin Hsing village migrant and his bride. BELOW: Pai-pai to T'ien Kung for sixteen-year-old boy.



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777
443
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585
292
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782
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352
373
415
291

1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
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[P.148-E]

142
269
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142
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ABOVE: Ancestor worship.
RIGHT: Altar in kung t'ing
with statues of invited
gods. BELOW: Tao shih
begins pai-pai at midnight
before arrival of bride.

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1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
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[P.148-F]

482
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493
291



ABOVE: Transporting pig to market.
BELOW: Worship after sale of pig.

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369 and gaudy magazines. There is often an itinerant peddler or two during the afternoons, keeping up a steady stream of jokes and praise for his merchandise that would win approval from any sideshow barker. [443] And evenings, particularly the warm, humid evenings of summer [54] when houses are empty and life moves to the doorsteps and walkways, there are elaborate traveling medicine shows with magicians, or acrobats, or strongmen, or even modest operas. On those nights it is difficult to pass through the crowds, and the foreigner's white face isn't half as interesting as the antics going on under the bare electric light bulb that serves as the peddler's spotlight.

[494] The remainder of the trip to Peihotien is on foot. There are always a few pedi-cabs by the station, but one ride in an aged pedi-cab down a rutted country path is sufficient to discourage a second. The walk across Tapu down its main street shouldn't take more than two or three minutes but it usually took me much longer. One side of the [363] street is a roofed colonnade, protecting the shopper from the heat of the sun and the drenching of the rains. Here are the more substantial 369 merchants of Tapu, the men who don't rent rickety stalls or push- 444 carts but own or lease stores with sleeping rooms above or in the back for their families. Although there is a Western-style pharmacy in Tapu, as gaudy and cluttered as any American drug store, the old-fashioned Chinese medicine shop still does a better business. My husband often stopped there to talk with the druggist, an intelligent man who enjoys conversation, while I admired the rows of dignified crockery containers unsullied by advertising. Even on the hottest days the dim interior is cool and exotically fragrant. Next door is something that might be called a housewares store. From the open front to the [414] dark, dusty back, the ceiling is festooned with the merchant's wares— [415] bunches of brass tea kettles looking like giant clusters of pale grapes, [412] chains of shallow, disc-shaped frying pans, strings of short-handled [415] rice-stalk brooms, and ropes of household brushes. Stacked from floor to ceiling are baskets for straining, baskets for carrying, baskets for drying, baskets for fishing, baskets for storing. A shaky tower of [291] pointed bamboo hats that serve the farmer as both umbrella and sunshade perch on an old wooden counter. Hanging from rusty nails [412] are a collection of razor-sharp cleavers that function in the Chinese [354] kitchen both as paring knife and butcher knife; there are dishes, cheap and easily broken; there are small tin cooking stoves that on careful examination prove to be ingeniously constructed of flattened beer

*596 corner with a dozen or more table tops, stored there until needed in
342 the guest hall for big feasts. Off the dining room, in the side wing of
[352] the house, is another sleeping room. This room is occupied most of the
[513] time by Lim A-pou's unmarried son, but he usually has to share
[192] the tatami sleeping platform with visiting children, male relatives, and
whatever hired hands happen to be living in the house. Beyond this
room is the busiest room in the house, the kitchen. Except on the
*596 coldest or stormiest days, the door between the kitchen and the small
354 internal courtyard is kept open for light and ventilation. Most of the
353 floor space is taken up by the huge brick cooking stove which boasts
[252] two, rather than the usual single, shallow cooking pans. One corner is
[372] filled with a heap of long paper strips, residue from Lim Chieng-cua's
cement bag factory. The paper is twisted into hanks and fed into the
stove by the women as they cook, by children when they can be
caught, and, on cold days, by the men, if they have time to lounge
before the evening meal. The walls are dark and dirty with accumula-
tions of smoke and grease. Baskets, rice cake molds, tea kettles, and
various other cooking utensils hang at random from pegs. Two closed
cupboards hold dishes, rice bowls, cups, chopsticks, and bits of food
that need protection from the animals that wander into the house. The
kitchen has a convenience that is the envy of every woman in the
village and that was a source of considerable misgiving to me. The
[312] well and the open cistern into which the water is pumped are located
[231] in the kitchen itself. My uneasiness arose from the fact that the next
[544] room contained, besides another small stove for the preparation of pig
[177] food, the Japanese style toilet. What we euphemistically refer to as
"night-soil" is stored until needed for the fields, or until the pit is full,
not ten feet from the water supply.

*596 I was never sure just how the wing across the back of the house
342 had been used formerly, but it may have been the original location of
122 the cement bag factory. When we arrived, part of it was used for
114 storage and part of it was taken up with the small bathing room. The
storage room was cleared for us to use as a dining room and a
sleeping room for our cook and our interpreter. Our long-suffering
cook acquisitioned an alcove in the hallway to the bathing room for
her coal oil stove. The rest of the back wing was occupied by another
family of renters during the first part of our stay, but when they left
we took over this space to house our expanding staff and to provide
ourselves with a much needed testing room.